

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 2. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, APRIL 16, 1825.

VOL. III.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

### DISOBEDIENCE; OR THE MYSTERIOUS CHAMBER.

EDWARD BARRY, *alias* NORMANBY, was the son of a protestant Irish gentleman, who because he went to church regularly himself, made his family do the same, hated the Catholics, always wore an orange cockade on certain days, believed that he was a friend to civil and religious liberty, and fancied himself a religious character. With all this zeal he was far from being an amiable man; he was a domestic tyrant, and so fond of play, that the morning sun often found him at the card table, where betting of the most ruinous nature was constantly practised; and as this imprudent man held a place of pecuniary trust, under government, it was thought that he risked the loss of his situation by these proceedings. In the meanwhile his example certainly aided to corrupt his son; and he, on a more extensive field, engaged in nightly gambling after his daily business in his father's office was over. The consequence was, that he one night lost a considerable sum, and was obliged to apply to his arbitrary parent to pay the debt for him. This was the more painful to him, because, on the preceding night, after dining where the bottle circulated too freely, he had been led, by his riotous companions, to commit a breach of the peace, and obstruct an exciseman in the exercise of his duty; and as this conduct was attributed, though very unjustly, to democratic politics, his father was already exasperated against him, and was, therefore, little likely to receive his petition with indulgence. But, as honour required that the debt should be instantly paid, Edward ventured into his father's presence, with his confession and his petition. He consented to pay the debt; but did so, with execrations against his son's double fault; a proof

of incorrigible profligacy, which it was criminal for him to utter, and pernicious for Edward to hear. For that unhappy youth came to him contrite, miserable, self-condemned; and had mercy tempered justice, had parental love beamed through parental displeasure, the self-judged culprit might have been snatched "like a brand from the burning;" but he entered his father's room a mourning penitent; he left it a disowned child, a hopeless outcast, and a hardened sinner.

To the money which he required, his almost frenzied father added the rest of his portion to a younger son; then bade him quit his sight, and his neighbourhood, for ever! In vain did Edward implore forgiveness of his first fault—declare his resolution so to offend no more, and his willingness to be, and to do whatever his father desired. The angry parent, exasperated, perhaps, by the suggestions of conscience, which whispered that he had set his son a bad example, persisted in his renunciation of him, and even forbade him to take leave of his mother and sisters. But Edward thought they would not let him depart unsoothed by a parting blessing, a parting embrace. He, therefore, lingered about the house and grounds, in the shadows of twilight, hoping that his mother, at least, would suspect that he might still be there, and would come to search for him:—but he lingered in vain.—That timid mother had submitted to the prohibition of her tyrant husband, and had required that her daughters should do the same. In these moments of misery and despair, he was again tempted, and he again fell. But, ere he had experienced another run of ill luck, he was allured, from the chances of the gaming table, to participation in a still more desperate game—but one which tempted him in the shape of virtuous patriotism. He had long felt for the wrongs and miseries of his unhappy country, and long desired to see its wrongs redressed, and its miseries relieved. Now, therefore, that he was an outcast, and a wanderer on earth, he was not likely to reject an invitation to join a band of united Irishmen.—But, soon after he joined them, the hand of

the law cut short the life of one of their leaders: Edward Barry found means to escape through France to England, and was able to remain there, under the assumed name of Normanby, safe and unsuspected, but sad and desperate still.

I will not follow this forlorn and tempted one along the career which ensued, a career only too natural to beings who are deserted and disowned by those who should have watched over them. But I shall go to that period when he came to reside in Julia Meredith's native city, and was thrown, by his own benevolence, under her observation. He was only to be seen in the walks in or about the town, for he never frequented the theatre, or places of public amusement; and as Julia and her parents were, on principle, strangers in such scenes themselves, Julia believed that he avoided them from the same cause: and when she found this interesting stranger was well known in the cottages of the poor, and met him sometimes by the bedside of a poor dying woman, in whom she was much interested, and whose pitiable case had been made known to him, she gave him credit for possessing every virtue—while her parents became anxiously desirous of knowing the man who had thus, on apparently just grounds, interested their susceptible child.

It were needless to relate what parents, deeply interested in the welfare of an only child, said, or suffered, when Julia related to them all that had passed between her, and her now declared lover, whom Julia had leave to present them the next day. Julia, however, thought her parents' resolution, not to sanction Edward's addressess till his friends in Ireland could be written to, and references to those in London obtained, was unnecessarily severe; for, as he assured her that his family was ancient, his income good, she believed all that he said, though he had come to reside awhile at her native place, unknown and unrecommended. But her usually indulgent parents were, on this head, unyielding, and proof against all her entreaties; entreaties urged with such alarming earnestness, that her father, suddenly interrupting her, exclaimed, "Julia, unhappy girl! if the persuasions of a lover, the acquaintance of yesterday, have more power over thee than consideration for thy father's peace, go to thy lover! marry a man who may, for aught we know, carry thee away from us to another country, and leave us alone in our old age! Go, and leave us to mourn, that our only surviving daughter was not taken away with the rest, but was left, not as a mercy, but as a chastisement!" "Yes, Julia, go!" said her weeping mother, "but I think, Meredith, our child can never be so ungrateful for all our tenderness and indulgence!" "No, never—never," cried

Julia, throwing herself on her mother's bosom, in an agony of filial tenderness; and when she begged her parents' blessing that night, it was with a solemn resolution, that she would do nothing to forfeit it. The next evening she went to meet Edward, and, as she intended, for the last time—resolved to tell him that, till her parents' objections were satisfactorily removed, and their inquiries answered, they must meet no more. But Edward, aware, that this could never be, had a chaise in waiting, and the intended farewell ended in an elopement to Scotland! while her unhappy parents, added to their other miseries, breathed under the bitter consciousness, that the child, in whom they confided, had deceived as well as abandoned them.

But regret was vain, and self-reproach painful; they, therefore, turned their thoughts towards their own consistent tenderness to this ungrateful child, and tried to encourage each other in resolves not to forgive her for a year at least; but the very first letter from her, breathing, as it did, the language of contrition for having offended them, and declaring that their forgiveness was all that was wanting to complete her happiness, made their angry resolutions vanish, and they bade her and her husband hasten to the arms of their forgiving parents. When the young couple arrived at ———, whither the Merediths returned in order to receive them, Meredith told Normanby that if he did but make his daughter happy, he had nothing further to desire, except that he hoped he would consent to live with or near them, as they should feel it hard to be separated from an only child. Normanby replied, that her happiness should be the study of his life, but took no notice of this request, for he knew it was impossible for him to grant it; and, in a short time, he informed the disappointed Merediths that the interests of his trade required him to reside in London. However, he remained four months at their house, during which Julia was severely indisposed; and as her husband never left her, except when forced to go to London on business, but scarcely left her room, reading to her, and endeavouring to raise her oft and frequently-depressed spirits; her parents, satisfied that their daughter would be tenderly treated, tried to reconcile themselves to their approaching loss: and though their letters of inquiry, to Ireland, concerning *Edward Normanby*, remained unanswered, they resolved to be satisfied with his own account of himself, and inquire no further.

The hour of Julia's departure from her parental home, was a trial to her as well as to her parents; nor could her husband behold unmoved, the anguish of which he knew himself to have been the original

cause; but as Edward's attentions to her had never experienced the slightest diminution, she was cheered long before she reached London, and felt that the wife of Edward Normanby could not long be miserable.—Still, when she found herself introduced into a dark, though commodious house, in a court in the city, and that her husband informed her, those relations, who would, he expected, have been there to welcome him, were gone back suddenly to Ireland, she felt disappointed and saddened, though her house was well furnished, and the establishment was that of opulence. Indeed, as Normanby settled his wife's fortune wholly on herself, and had the income of it tied up for her sole use, Julia's father was quite satisfied with the marriage, in a pecuniary point of view, and believed, that though forced to resign his child, she had bestowed herself on a man of opulence and integrity.

But Julia's wedded happiness was painfully overcast when Edward informed her, that though some of his business was carried on in the house, he must be a great deal from home. "My evenings, however," said he, "will be, I trust wholly devoted to you.—As for company," he added, "I dislike it so much, that I resolved when I married, that I would choose no woman that could not be a companion to me, and obviate the necessity of any other. In you, Julia, I found that woman; and I presume to hope, that you will be as contented with my society, as I shall be with yours. Is it not so, my beloved?" Julia expressed her assent, but could not help owning, in the fondness of her heart, that as his mornings as well as evenings, had been hitherto hers, she should find it difficult to reconcile herself to the loss of society: to all other society she was, she assured him, as indifferent as he was; and it was well for her that she was so, since, with the exception of a few gentlemen to dinner occasionally, and some to supper, the latter of whom were so coarse in their manners, that Julia always retired as soon as she could, she rarely saw any one. But she had many domestic duties to fulfil; and, as at no distant period she expected to be a mother, she should, ere long, have the most delightful variety given to her employments. Then, too, her father and mother had promised to come to her; and when surrounded by all she loved, how could she fail to be happy? Yet, still there were moments when her conscience asked, what right that being had to expect happiness, who had laid the foundation of hers on the ruins of the first of duties?

When the time of Julia's confinement drew near, her parents paid her the long-promised visit, and they had soon the misery of discovering that their child was not happy. But why was she otherwise? Scarce-

ly could a mother venture to ask leave to remove the proper veil, thrown by a wife over her domestic sorrows, if caused by a husband; and Julia's mother suspected, that Normanby occasioned hers; therefore, it was long before she could presume to name the subject to her, especially as she had brought her misery on herself. But at length, however, maternal anxiety prevailed; and when her child approached her hour of trial and of danger, she asked her, if she had any thing weighing on her mind which she wished to communicate. "Nothing," she replied, in a tone of calm resignation; "nothing whatever. I own, I am not quite happy; yet I should find it difficult to say why I am not so, for Edward is the kindest of husbands; and as I am ever jealous of the time he spends away from me, he is trying to earn and save as much money as possible, in order that he may leave off business."—"Pray, what is his business?" said her mother, interrupting her. "I really do not exactly know; and he told me, I should not understand it, if he tried to explain it to me. But this business is one cause of my unhappiness, since it takes him from me on journeys oftener than I like; but what makes me most unhappy is, that he is not happy himself. He comes home sometimes so gloomy! and instead of that confidential intercourse which is, as I have been told, the greatest charm of wedded life, he is close, reserved, and evidently has secrets which he will not reveal to me. Else, dearest mother! I have cause to be happy, far more happy than a disobedient child deserves!"

Her mother, comforted to see how deeply and how properly Julia felt for the fault which she had committed, and pleased, also, to find that at least she had not to complain of her husband's diminished affection, eagerly related what had passed to her equally anxious father; who resolved to watch Normanby narrowly, and see if he could discover what his secret cares were. But all he could observe was, that he often sat in a profound reverie, often fixed his eyes on vacancy, and sometimes spoke rather pettishly, when his wife urged him to read aloud as he used to do. However, he was usually very affectionate both to her and to the old people; and when occasionally he had a friend or two to dinner, he was as gay and as fascinating as ever; therefore, the wife and her parents flattered themselves, that whatever clouds obscured his prospects, they would clear away again. At length Julia gave birth to a boy, and the joys of the mother promised to make her ample amends for the occasional sorrows of the wife. But, though tenderness, and earnest rejoicing for her safety, marked the looks and manner of Normanby when he first saw his wife after her trial was passed, his feelings, when he

beheld his child, betrayed emotions far more akin to sorrow than to joy; and his mother-in-law beheld his emotion with wonder.— But she felt more painful wonder still, when, on communicating to him the death of the infant, which happened a week after its birth, she saw a suppression of satisfaction in his countenance, which he vainly tried to disguise; while he could not, without great effort, join his poor wife in her heartfelt lamentations for her loss.

When Julia was able to leave her room, her anxious mother could not but observe, that something more than the loss of her baby preyed on her spirits, and made her indulge in gloomy abstraction, after the manner of her husband; they, therefore, thought themselves justified in asking, what new cause was thus making her unlike herself; and, at length, she owned, that one night when her husband, no doubt, thought she was asleep, he had entered the adjoining dressing-room, in which she had chosen that her child should lie until it was buried, and she overheard him say, in a low tone, "What a mercy, sweet innocent! that thou art removed! thou, born perhaps to suffer for —!" Here his sobs choked his voice, and she could hear no more; but she had heard enough to make her very suspicious, and very uneasy. But they soon became more and more surprised, if not more and more alarmed. "Now, my dear, that you are able to walk over the house, I wish that you would let us see the whole of it," said her mother, one day; and Julia, but as they thought reluctantly, complied. Accordingly, she unlocked some rooms on the second floor, which had been only recently furnished. "But what room is this?" said the father, pointing to one at the end of a long corridor, which was evidently lighted only by a sky-light. "Oh! that room," said Julia, blushing, "is always kept locked; and it is where my husband sits, it is his study, I believe; but as I said before, no one, not even a servant, is ever admitted into it." "No; how strange!" said her father. "Well," cried her mother, "I have always been reckoned a very obedient wife; but, if my husband had such a mysterious chamber as this, like Bluebeard's wife, I am sure I should have contrived to peep into it."—"Would you?" cried Normanby, with a forced smile, but a pale and quivering lip, who had stolen on them unawares: "but I trust that my wife knows her duty better." "I trust she does," observed his father-in-law. "She would not force herself even on the secrets of the most mysterious husband, but deem his right to privacy sacred." "I always have done so," said Julia, firmly, though mournfully. "That thou hast, my precious Julia!" cried Normanby, tenderly kissing her cheek; "and thou art all a husband

might glory in: but!"——here he turned away, and suddenly left them, and they saw no more of him till dinner-time; then he drank a great deal of wine, and was gay if not happy. But that mysterious room! what could it contain?—and though Julia, not only from a sense of duty, because she was not of a suspicious nature, ceased to dwell on circumstances so old and familiar to her, it was so new and so alarming to her parents, that it was to them a constant topic of conversation, and a constant source of uneasiness; the more so because, before Normanby went out the next time on one of his journeys, he had put a padlock on the door.

During his absence, he insisted on it, that the Merediths should not leave his wife, and he again earnestly pressed that they would take up their abode with them; and he also hoped that if they went to reside abroad, they would still make but one family. At the end of a few weeks Normanby returned, and they all observed that he returned, looking as if had suffered, and was still suffering, and he was more absent than ever. But, whatever ailed him, he disclosed the cause of his pain to no one; though it was certain that his brow, at times betokened not only uneasiness, but uneasiness amounting to agony, and his nerves were so shaken that he started at every knock at the door. Another month went on in this way; Normanby, all love to his wife, and kindness to her parents, but seemingly wretched and anxious almost beyond the power of concealment. One morning he went out early, saying he should be home to dinner; but a hurried note soon came to say, that he should not return till the dark hour: however, before that hour arrived, Julia was informed that two gentlemen wished to speak to her, and they followed the servant up to a room on the second floor, where she and her parents were superintending the putting up of a bed. "Excuse us, madam," said one of the gentlemen, (aware that this intrusion excited angry surprise,) "excuse us, madam; but we wish to go into that room," pointing to the room at the end of the corridor. "That room, sir? what right can you have to intrude even where you are now; much less to enter where I never was myself? Who are you? and what are you, sir? I must desire you to go down directly." "Impossible, our business here is, to enter that apartment, and enter it we must; therefore, pray give us the key." "I have it not, sir; and if I had, I never would allow such a violation of my husband's rights and property. Never," said she, running to the door, and setting her back against it, "never, while I have life, shall you enter here." "Julia! my love! be calm," cried her trembling father, "I fear you must comply;

I fear—but, gentlemen, by what authority do you come hither, and presume, as I see you are going to do, to force that door?" "By a warrant from Bow-street, sir: we are Bow-street officers." "Oh! my dear unhappy child!" cried Julia's mother, wrapping her arms round her, and trying to draw her away, but she could not; she, however, yielded to the commands of her father, who told her resistance was unavailing; but as she did so, she said, with a sort of wild earnestness, "Oh! father, tell him—tell Normanby, that I resisted to the last! and now, what terrible scene is to be unfolded!" The door was forced, and the officers who entered first, exclaimed, "It is as we expected! See, sir, see!" speaking to Meredith, "this is the workshop of a *coiner*!" It was even so! and the wretched Julia not only saw all mysteries at once cleared up, but felt that her beloved husband's life must be, if he were discovered and taken, forfeited to the offended laws of his country! and, with a shriek, piercing even to the hearts of the agents of justice, she fell to the ground in a state of utter insensibility.

But where, meanwhile, was the unhappy delinquent himself? Trying to escape into a foreign land; but he was overtaken at Dover, and committed to prison. It would be unnecessarily painful to dwell on the misery of this guilty but affectionate husband, and of his tender, wretched wife, who could not but see in this awful event, the chastisement of her disobedience. Edward Barry was soon brought to trial; and Julia found that the being for whom she had sacrificed her filial duty, must end his life on a scaffold—a forfeit to the offended laws of his country! But when this awful sentence was pronounced, it was not the heart of the tender wife, or her sorrowing parents alone, that it wrung with the bitterest anguish.—There was a heart which felt it, perhaps, even more acutely than theirs did; felt it as severely as that of the penitent criminal himself; since all sorrows are light compared to those occasioned by self-upbraiding, and the pangs of remorse.

After Edward Barry left Ireland, his father persevered in his own mischievous career, and continued for a while at the height of his worldly prosperity; but some rash and careless proceedings, which I am unable to detail, involved him, at length, in circumstances of great suspicion; and as he was, though most unjustly, suspected of being favourable to the rebel cause, and was known to be a determined gamester, he was, after a trial which he called any thing but a fair trial, deprived of his situation under government, and dismissed, with a blighted reputation and a breaking heart. "True," said he, "I acted rashly, but not dishonestly; and for a *first fault* it is hard to be con-

signed to infamy and contempt!" As he said this, the image of his banished son, to whom he had dealt so hard a measure, arose before him! increasing his present agony by that of self-upbraiding! He heard his pathetic pleading, not to be disowned for a *first fault*, till at length an eager desire to find out, if possible, the haunts of that ill-treated son, was added to an aversion to remain where he was; and he set off for England, resolved to discover him if possible: but all he knew of him, after he drove him from his home, was, that he had fled to England, where one of his accomplices was executed. Having, however, fruitlessly endeavoured to find out what name his son had assumed, he sought him long in vain, and had given up the hope of ever discovering him; when he read in the papers, that Edward Barry, *alias* Normanby, was committed on such a day to prison for coining, and that his trial would take place the next week! "And I drove him to this! Had I done the duty of a father to him, this might not have happened!" he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his remorse; "but I will go to him! I will humble myself before him, and exclaim, would that I could die for thee, my son, my son!"

Edward, whose recollections of his parents, his kindred, and his home, had become painfully vivid when he saw himself about to stamp with disgrace a name once dear to honour, had just parted with his wife, whom sudden illness had forced to leave him awhile, when he was told that a gentleman wished to see him. "What is his name?" "That he refuses to tell; but he is so like you," replied the jailor, "though much older, that I think he must be your relation—" "Admit him," replied Edward Barry, with a thrill of emotion compounded of pain and pleasure; for he fancied it might be his father, and his heart yearned for parental forgiveness.—When he saw that it was indeed his father who had sought him out in his dungeon, and was approaching him, not with the frown of former days, but with outstretched arms, and eyes overflowing with tears, he rushed forward to meet the proffered embrace, but falling on his knees as he did so, while, in broken accents, forgiveness was mutually accorded. "Do thou too forgive!" cried the afflicted and penitent father, falling on his knees beside him—"and make, for thou canst make, this bitter trial and this awful moment the means of pacification, and of reconciliation to thee!" "Oh! my father," cried Edward, "thy being here is a proof that my prayers have been heard—since, spite of your severity, I have pined to see you for years, and hear you pronounce my pardon; but what of my dear mother?" "She did not long survive thy departure," he mournfully replied, turning away. "In-

deed, was it possible that she, or any one, could then love me so tenderly?" said Edward, bursting into tears. "Had I thought so, that consideration might have kept me from much subsequent evil; though not even greater tenderness than a mother's was able to set me free when once involved." Before his father could ask an explanation of these words, the door of the cell opened, and Julia entered, accompanied by Meredith. "This is my wife!" said Edward, raising his head from his father's supporting shoulder, and giving her into his arms. "Oh, my dearest father! love her and cherish her for my sake!" When the heart and the conscience are really awakened, they cannot rest till they have wholly unburdened themselves, and at such a moment they can bear reproach better than kindness. The epithet of "dearest," therefore, applied by Edward to his father, overcame that unhappy man to such a degree, that he gave way to a torrent of self-reproach, and disclosed to his weeping auditors, in spite of Edward's entreaties, all his habitual severity, and that particular act of unforgiving cruelty which had, he firmly believed, occasioned his son's present misery.

Though the crime of coining was not likely to be pardoned, Edward's father implored Meredith to petition that his son's sentence might be commuted for transportation for life. The attempt was made, but made in vain—Then as now, not only human life, but property, was guarded by the arm of the executioner, and no difference was made by the law between the punishment awarded to the greatest of crimes, and one of far inferior turpitude. Edward Barry was soon told that he must prepare for execution. The widowed Julia bore her trials with that patience which true contrition and piety can alone bestow; but when she reflected that she was likely to become a mother, (a circumstance which she had concealed from her husband, lest it should add to his misery,) and that her child would be born the heir of its father's disgrace, her humbled spirit was bowed to the earth in sorrow; till she remembered it would be sweet to have a living pledge of that love, which had never known diminution: and she trusted that few would be so unjust as to frown on an innocent child on account of its guilty father. But she was spared the pain of knowing that she calculated too much on the humanity of her fellow-creatures, for her child scarcely lived to see the light: and Julia saw herself, while yet in the prime of her days, restored to her paternal roof, with all her affections disappointed and withered! In vain was she solicited to contract a second marriage, under the most favourable auspices: she devoted herself wholly to cheer the declining years of her

parents, who were long, in mercy, spared to her; and when they were taken from her, the sunshine of an approving heart shone sweetly on her solitude, and the evening of her days was *Peace*.

---

### THE GLEANER.

---

—Sow we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues,  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

---

IN a country town near Lincoln, some years ago, there lived a sort of apothecary and man-midwife, who had a board up in front of his house, on which was painted, in large characters,

"A RIDLEY,  
"Man-midwife.—Ladies delivered on the shortest notice, and on moderate terms.—Such ladies as wish to be delivered decently, my wife attends."

---

GENERAL EARLE being at a country play, the entertainment happened to be "The Stage Coach," which was performed so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain dropped, and one of the performers, came to give out the next play, the general begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished, "The Stage Coach, sir," says the buskin, bowing very respectfully. "Then, sir," replied the general, "will you be so good to let me know, when you perform it again, that I may be an outside passenger."

---

MARRIAGE PORTION.—It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When this great lawgiver was called on to justify this enactment, he observed, "That in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty."

---

THE LAW OF GIBBETS.—One was ordered by the judge of assize to be hanged in chains; the officers hung him *in privato solo*; the owner brought trespass; and, upon not guilty, the jury found for the defendant, and the court would not grant a new trial, it being done for convenience of place, and not to affront the owner.

---

"Why do you not pay me that six and eightpence, Mr Mulrooney?" said an attorney to an Irishman, who replied, "Why, faith, because I do not owe you that same." "Not owe it? me, yes you do; it's for the opinion you had of me." "That's a good one indeed," rejoined Pat, "when I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### THE MODERN GREEKS.

No. II.

MOUNT Athos, or Monte Santo, forms the summit of the long promontory which is connected with Chalcidia by a narrow isthmus. This isthmus is the key by means of which the monks lock up their sanctuary of Mount Athos. Without their permission, no one dares to enter this paradisaical solitude, where prevail a silence and repose that are never interrupted, save by the chantings of these fathers. The mountain itself arises to a height of seven hundred fathoms, so that its summit remains covered with snow during the greater portion of the year. Around the lower part of the mountain are built two-and-twenty convents, each of which has its superior, and, in addition to the monks, some lay-brothers, who are retained to perform the domestic occupations. All travellers speak in terms of rapture of the picturesque and sublime scenes of this spot. Oaks of extraordinary magnitude, chesnuts, and plane-trees clothe the sides of the mountain; while its upper parts are covered with woods of pine, and between the interstices of the rock, myrtles, laurels, and a variety of fragrant shrubs spread themselves in rich luxuriance. Groves of citron, orange, and fig-trees shelter the cells and retreats of the monks and anchorets; and resound with the warbling of nightingales and other songsters. Female steps are not allowed to profane this hallowed retreat. Even the Turkish Waiwode, who resides on the Peneus, in Thessaly are, in some respects, still more deserving of attention, although not so celebrated for their religious discipline. These buildings are constructed on the very peaks of naked rocks, that rise conically to a height of several hundred feet, so that the only access to these aerial dwellings is by being drawn up by ropes, by those above. It was in this perilous manner that Dr. Holland visited the convent called Hagios Stephanos, which he found altogether a complete contrast to the religious houses of Mount Athos; for, in addition to the extreme wretchedness and utter want of comfort that prevailed in this habitation, the monks were so ignorant, that they could give him no information whatever as to the institution of their own order.

The resemblance as to character between the ancient and modern Greeks, which is too evident not to be immediately recognised, displays itself particularly in many of their customs; nor has the adoption of a new

religion been able to banish altogether the superstitious ceremonies of their forefathers. In their estimation, every spring of water, every romantic grove, every solitary grotto, is holy; and on certain days they assemble at their fountains, in order to propitiate, by their dances and songs, the saints or spirits who are supposed to preside over them. It is here that they bring their sick and diseased; and he who has been restored to health here presents a lock of his hair as an *ex-voto*. No Greek ever undertakes an affair of importance, or a journey of any length, without first making an offering of some kind of *ex-voto*; nor does any Athenian sail from the harbour of the Piræus, without previously presenting to St. Spiridion a waxen taper, on the spot where formerly stood an altar of Diana. Together with a predilection for festivals and public amusements, the Greeks of the present day have inherited from their ancestors a great partiality for flowers, and a faith in the secret virtues and symbolic meanings of certain plants; from which has arisen a mystical language, in which flowers are employed as characters; an invention not without its uses in intrigues of gallantry, and that has been put into practice even within the walls of the Grand Signior's seraglio. On the first of May, the door of every house is decorated with flowers, and the whole of the Greek population celebrate the return of that delightful month by dancing and singing, and by the most unrestrained gaiety. They have an amulet as a specific against every disease, and every misfortune. Whenever a person happens to sneeze, all those present exclaim, 'Health to you.' If their eye itches, or a crow is seen perched on the roof-top, it is considered to indicate an approaching visitor; a humming in the ears is regarded by them as a good omen; but when the shadow of one person falls on that of another, it denotes some mischance. If a stranger happens to praise a child more than ordinarily, it portends no good; nor can the apprehensions of the parents be quieted, unless he counteracts the supposed evil charm by spitting in the child's face.

Their marriage and funeral ceremonies, in particular, remind us of those of the ancient Greeks. As every where else, there is little of form and etiquette in the gallantry and nuptial rites of the lower classes; but in the higher ones, a female negociator, answering to the *proxenata* of the ancients, is indispensable, and this personage frequently conducts the whole courtship between the two parties, without either of them seeing the other until the day of marriage. On the eve of the wedding, the bride visits the bath, attended by her female friends and acquaintance; and on the following morning, the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends

(who dance and sing verses in honour of the new-married pair), proceeds to the house of the lady's parents. The bride herself, attired in the most splendid manner, is led out by her father and the bridemaids; and as she proceeds to the church, flowers are scattered on her head whenever she chances to pass the window of any of her acquaintance. She is again crowned with flowers by the priest, and the ceremony is terminated by the bride and bridegroom drinking together out of a cup. The lady is now conducted home to her husband's house, where she is lifted by her parents over the threshold, which, as formerly, is still considered sacred.

The dead, as was the usage two and even three thousand years ago, are dressed in their best attire, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and followed to the grave by females who make a profession of mourning, and who are very vehement in their cries and other expressions of grief. The grave is afterwards covered with flowers, and with a kind of cakes similar to those with which it was the custom to propitiate Cerberus.

---

### THE DRAMA.

---

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

---

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRAMA.

No. III.

PERHAPS there never was a more extraordinary man, take him altogether, on the annals of the green-room than Macklin. He was one of your self-formed men; having been born under every disadvantageous circumstance, and, in consequence, had no education that he did not pick up himself. His active and aspiring mind, supplied all these accidental deficiencies. He sought out the rudiments of general knowledge, and thence, by his vigorous natural abilities, aided by assiduous application, became intimately acquainted both with modern and ancient literature. Still he could not for some time emerge from the sordid station in which he was born; and for some years, during his early life, he kept a public house of low resort in Covent-garden. The habits he acquired there, both as to sentiments and conduct, were often too visible in his subsequent, and more respectable rank in society, when he became both an actor and writer of reputation on the stage. His powers in each were confined, though strong and characteristic. I need hardly mention his Shylock, for all the world has heard it was perfect in its kind; yet I cannot resist repeating a little anecdote, which will show how absolutely he seemed to identify the

character.—Quin, having watched him closely from the side scene during the performance, abruptly said to him as he came off—"By heaven, Macklin, if you are not a villain, there is no truth in you?" Perhaps the moral suspicion, in this flash, balanced the compliment to the actor's skill! And, it is with regret I acknowledge, this man of talents was also a man of the most violent, vindictive, and, often, most absurdly presumptuous passions. Stung with a wild ambition to surpass Garrick in one of his most celebrated characters, he determined to perform the part of Macbeth. This was a line totally beyond his reach. But two parties were formed on the occasion, for and against his achievement. I was in the crowded theatre, on one of the nights of this attempt. Nothing could be more ridiculous to those who had seen Garrick in Macbeth, than Macklin's anti-heroic figure, hideous grimaces, sneering, or obstreperous villany, in this most majestic, deluded, and remorseful rebel and usurper. Nothing could be more tumultuous and continued, than the clamour of the house. The hisses, and shouts of "Off! off!" were dominant over every other sound; but the determination of the actor would not be subdued; and it was curious to see, how he would sometimes start out of his assumed Macbeth, and resume his very self as Macklin in all his vindictive indignation. He more than once rushed from his business on the stage, to the side of the orchestra, and clenching his fist at the uproar above, in his loudest voice threatened his enemies. I need hardly add, that after a vain repetition for a few nights more, Macklin's Macbeth died a natural death, or rather expired under the many mangling wounds he had so unwittingly inflicted! Garrick, from the first, had only smiled at the quixotic essay: though his discomfited would-be rival often dated his fall in the character to the jealousy of the reigning Macbeth, and the machinations of his emissaries. Of such foul play Garrick was incapable. But Macklin only failed then, because he mistook his talent. Where that pointed true, he was unequalled; as I have observed before in Shylock and the like. When he must have been near ninety years of age, I saw this theatrical talent yet bright in him. It was certainly a kind of human phenomenon, at that advanced period of life, even to attempt treading the stage; what then was the wonder when he did it with effect? The character was Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, in his own comedy, entitled "The Man of the World."—He performed it one night in Drury-lane Theatre: and he did it with complete retention of memory, with great vivacity, and without fatigue; he did it, as I have seen him, in what he called his best days, twenty

years before that, when even then, he was an old man. In private company, (when his temper was not crossed by any very resolute opposition in opinion,) he was generally civil and communicative. At least I always found him so. He abounded in entertaining anecdote, particularly relating to his profession: for he had flourished in the times of Betterton, Booth, Wilks, and Cibber; but in return for the pleasure we received from such interesting information, we, indeed, were often obliged to make liberal allowance for the habitual humour of the man; his tone and manner being peremptory, and his decisions alway imperious.

---

### BIOGRAPHY.

---

The proper study of mankind is man.

---

#### JEAN DANIEL CHEVALLEY.

THIS man, who is now living near Echallens in Switzerland, and has reached his 68th year, has possessed from early life, one of the most extraordinary faculties ever appearing in a human being. By an internal movement, he can tell minutes and seconds with an exactness equal to the best regulated clock or watch, without in any instance committing a mistake. In his youth, the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums constantly attracted his attention, and he gradually contracted a habit of counting isochronous vibrations, and displaying considerable ability in calculations. When strong enough, he took pleasure in sounding the bells at school and at church; and in his attention to town and church clocks, observed that the beats were 20 or 23 per minute, but more particularly 20, counting from the moment of departure to that of return. After this he endeavoured to force his attention to the preservation, as long as possible, of an *internal movement*, similar as to the extent of time and number of vibrations. At first by adding 20 vibrations to other 20, or minute to minute, he could easily arrive at the conclusion of an hour, and mark all the subdivisions which he wished, and that without confusion. By degrees he was able to count whilst thinking and acting, though an effort for any length of time was attended with fatigue, and broke the chain of calculation. Nevertheless, in 1789, he succeeded in acquiring the invariable possession of this faculty, which never after left or deceived him. He was then 22 years of age and at school; but in consequence of some singular habits,

as that of sounding bells, and of some mystical notions he had acquired, and also certain disputes about the correction of the village clocks, he was dismissed, and went to his mill, in which he was previously occupied, where, continuing to sound his bells, and make his clocks strike, he was nicknamed the *Mummy of the Mill*.

In the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, there is a long article relating to Chevalley, transmitted to the Society of Natural Sciences of Switzerland by Mons. Chavannes, in which among other remarkable instances of the former displaying this singular faculty, he mentions the following:—Being on board the steam-boat on the lake of Geneva, July 14, 1823, he soon attracted attention by his remarks that so many minutes and seconds had elapsed since they had left Geneva, or passed other places; and, after a while, he indicated to the crowd around him, and during the most diversified conversation of those who were near him, the hours, half hours, quarters, minutes and seconds, without mistaking in one single instance, although attempts were frequently made to distract his attention.

Mons. Chavannes having questioned him on the way he acquired this extraordinary talent, Chevalley replied, "I have acquired by imitation, labour and patience, an internal movement, which neither thoughts nor labour, nor any thing can stop: it is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each motion going and returning, gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute, and these I add to others continually." On being told that the country people said he made use of his pulse as an indicator, he laughed at the idea, and observed that it was too irregular for such a purpose. During the night the internal movement was not so sure and constant, but on the approach of day it was renewed if stopped, or rectified if deranged, for the rest of the day. Being asked how he could renew the movement when it had ceased, or was very indistinct, he said, "Sir, I am only a poor man; it is not a gift of heaven; I obtained this faculty as the result of labours and calculations too long to be described; the experiment has been frequently made at night, and I will make it for you when you please." M. Chavannes had not, however, the opportunity of making this experiment,

but he felt perfectly convinced of the man's powers. At the time this interview occurred, Chevalley was so deaf that he could not hear the sound of his clock or watch; but although it had been otherwise with him, neither of these vibrated twenty times in a minute, which is always the number indicated by his motions when he wishes to illustrate his internal movement. The calculations by which he obtained subdivisions of the second, were not clearly understood by M. Chavannes, but he says that the man offered freely to give him proof of his power. On trying him for a number of minutes, he shook his head at the time appointed, altered his voice at the quarter, half, and three-quarter minutes, and arrived accurately at the end of the period named. He seemed to assist himself in a slight degree by an application of mnemonics, and sometimes, in idea, applied religious names to his minutes up to the fifth, when he recommenced. This he carried through the hour, and then commenced again. There could, in fine, be no doubt that this man possessed a kind of internal movement, which indicated minutes and seconds with the utmost exactness.

---

### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

---

— Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

---

#### MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S. *Ruddock's Statistical Tables, and his Geo- graphical Map of America.*

MAJOR S. RUDDOCK's statistical, topographical, and geographical tables were exhibited; showing by inspection, or an easy calculation, the distance in miles between any two places in the United States, the adjoining British provinces, and the West India islands, with their population by governments and counties to the beginning of 1825. This will be a most important document for Libraries public and private, counting-houses, offices of all kinds, colleges, academies, and schools. It is admirably digested, and comprised on a single large sheet. He meditates a stereotype impression, for the purpose of greater exactness, as the columns abound with arithmetical figures.— Perhaps there is nothing of the kind that contains such a body of information on the subjects about which it treats, so exactly

arranged, so summarily embodied, and posted up to so recent a date. This performance was viewed as the forerunner of Mr. R's. great map of the two Americas, which he has long been occupied in compiling.— The manuscript of this performance is finished; and the requisite time and arrangements are merely wanted for its publication. For the information of the company it was stated that the author was a topographical engineer of long experience and great skill; that he had been industriously engaged for a series of years in travelling through various states and territories to gather materials; that he combines the talents of a good astronomer with those of a geographer and geometrician; that he is enabled from actual survey to correct many errors in the existing charts; that he will include a greater extent of country, than any of his predecessors have done; and that the delineation he has made, will give the public a wider field, a more connected range, and a more exact display than they have ever seen before.

---

#### *More Organic Remains from York River, Va.*

Since the exhibition, noticed in our MINERVA for March 13. p. 363, other and more extraordinary relics of animals have arrived from the same place. At the time of the great civic festival, on the 17th October, 1824, at York-town, Captain Elijah Mix, who was there, amused himself in walking along the river. There he observed a long train of bones, undergoing denudation or disinterment, near the bottom of the bank, which was about twenty feet below the surface of the soil. From the appearance of those which had been washed bare by the rains and the tides, he concluded the greater part of an enormous skeleton was lying there. He collected some of the pieces, which were brought forward by Mr. J. A. Townsend. Upon inspection, they were decided to be, 1, a joint of the backbone: and 2, portions of several ribs, all belonging to some huge whale or large cetaceous animal. With these came specimens of the large scallop-shells and other testaceous remains, firmly lapidified or converted into stone, of the same kind with those just referred to. and what was particularly worthy of remark, some of these testaceous

masses exhibited contained bones, and depressions where bones had laid; and likewise adhered in some instances to the bones that had been separated and raised. The sight of such curious productions excited a strong recollection of the instructive memoir of the late ingenious B. H. Latrobe on the sand hills in the maritime parts of that state; and the disquisition on the freestone quarries situated between the rivers Potomac and Rappahannock; as published in the transactions of the American Philosophical Society.—See Vol. XIV. Med. Repos. p. 569.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

**ANTI-NEWTONIANISM.**—A Swiss parson has lately published a little pamphlet, in which he imagines that he has wholly overthrown the Newtonian doctrine of attraction and gravitation. He is not satisfied with Newton, because he founds his doctrine on what are called the Laws of Nature, without stating the causes of the phenomena. "It is, in fact, nothing but the *air*, which presses with enormous weight upon the earth, and naturally gives it a round form, much better than attraction." The manner in which our author makes the sun produce the rotation of the planets round their axis is remarkable: "The sun, by its revolution, and the prodigious mountains on its surface, becomes a wheel in rapid motion, with immense sails, (or wings,) which sets the air in motion through the whole solar region; and thus, by means of the elevation of the planets, (i. e. their mountains) catches, as it were, like the cogs of a wheel, so turns them round their axis, and, in connexion with that first cause, impels them in their orbits."

**JAPAN.**—Dr. Von Siebold, a German physician, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, in a letter from Desima, dated Oct. 1823, says, that he was giving lectures on Medicine and Natural History, and had the satisfaction to have native Japanese among his hearers and pupils; one of whom was a physician from the capital city of Jeddo. He likewise attended numerous patients in the city, and had permission to make botanical excursions to places at a considerable distance, (with a strong escort!) to practise the inoculation of the vaccine, to make a botanic garden, in which he cultivated many Chinese plants, and to form a menagerie. He had the superintendence of a considerable collection of natural history, and intended shortly to publish at Batavia a Fauna and a Flora of Japan.

**NEW THEORY OF THE FINE ARTS.**—M. Humbert de Superville, one of the members of the University of Leyden, proposes to publish a new system of the Fine Arts, in which he purposes to reduce the multiplicity of its rules to a small number of principles, or rather to a single principle, very extensive in its consequences.

**ANTS.**—Bees have for centuries been known to live in a well-regulated community, and Mr. Huber has lately discovered, that ants have not only the order, and orders of bees—have not only privileged and working emmets, but have even arrived at what in man is deemed the second stage of refinement; to wit, what is termed the *pastoral state*. For it seems, that they keep hords of *Aphides* as milch cows, for the possession of which they wage long and bloody wars.

#### LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.  
MARQUIS D'ARGENS

#### POETS OF PERSIA.

THE Persians have their poets as well as other nations. We have a long poem on the first kings of Persia, from the pen of Ferdosee, the earliest of those who lived many ages back. It is a sort of romance, of which their modern poets still recite some fragments. Hafiz, their greatest poet, sang the praises of love and wine; his Anacreontics are much esteemed by the Persians. Near his tomb, about two miles from Shiraz, a magnificent hall has been erected in the midst of a beautiful garden. The tomb is of white marble, and stands amidst a thick shade of planes. Here the young people of Shiraz assemble to repeat the verses of Hafiz; while they indulge in the wine of the place, which is so much the more relished as it is prohibited by the Koran. The superior influence of the poetry of Hafiz on the young Persians, notwithstanding the strict prohibition which the mussulman's creed imposes as to the use of wine, may be estimated by the following short passages, selected from many of equal beauty by Mr. Waring, and published in his "Tour to Sheeraz:"—Fearful that he would do injustice to the poetry of the bard, he has given a prose translation.—Some of our poetical correspondents might favour us with a versification of them for the MINERVA:—

Do not be vexed at the trifles of this world:  
for it is a folly for a wise man to be afflicted.  
O my heart! if you defer the pleasures of to-

day until the morrow, who is there will ensure your existence?

Now the only friends who are free from care, are a goblet of wine and a book of odes.

Travel unincumbered, for the paths of safety are narrow; take the glass, for our precious life is not to be recalled.

The roses have come, nor can any thing afford so much pleasure as a goblet of wine.

Learn to estimate present happiness, for the pearl will not continue for ever in the shell.

Alas! what an inextricable path is the path of love; for they succeed who take the least thought.

Tear your books, if you wish to study with me; for the science of love is not to be found in writing.

Hear me, and attach yourself to the lovely; for her beauties do not depend upon jewels.

Be thankful, and drain the bowl in the garden; for in another week the roses will be no more.

Give me such a bowl, O Heaven! that I may have no after head-ache.

O Heaven! fill the golden cup with ruby wine, and give it to the poor and the distressed.

I am neither a judge, nor a priest, nor a censor, nor a lawyer. Why should I forbid the use of wine?

Should I chance to get a kiss from the lips of my love, I should immediately become young, and live another age.

Hafiz is abused for drinking wine in private; for the future he will drink it to the notes of the harp and the flute.

Near the tomb of Hafiz stands that of Sa-dee, who lived about 500 years ago, and whose moral poetry is highly esteemed among the Persians. Carlyle, in his "Specimens of Arabian Poetry," mentions another poet, named Abd Alsalem, who, he says, was "more remarkable for abilities than morality." The following little posy, in the shape of an ode to a female cup-bearer, is given as a specimen of his talents:

Come, Leila; fill the goblet up,  
Reach round the rosy wine,  
Think not that we will take the cup  
From any hand but thine.

A draught like this 'twere vain to seek,  
No grape can such supply;  
It steals its tint from Leila's cheek,  
Its brightness from her eye.

Abd Alsalem was nicknamed by his countrymen "Cock of the Evil Genii." He died in the 236th year of the Hejira, aged about 80. That the poetry of the Persians, however, does not all relate to love and wine, is evident from the subjoined beautiful effusion of one of their modern bards:—

Hast thou not seen, at twilight hour,  
When silence broods o'er woodland bower,  
The insect with its elfin sheen,  
Spangling the banks by forests green?

Once on a time, a woodland guest,  
The little insect thus address'd:—

"Why not thy little lamp display,  
Beneath the gladsome eye of day?"—

The answer of this child of earth  
Might shame e'en those of heavenly birth:—

"Both day and night I here am seen,  
Sojourning in these vallies green;  
But I reserve my little light

For the soft hour of dewy night:

For who, in presence of the sun,  
My tiny lamp would gaze upon?"

In the "Dissertations relating to the History and Antiquities of Asia," we also find a notice of a Persian Epic poem, said to be "as majestic and entire as the Iliad." It professes to give the history of two different princes of Persia, who had both been born in a foreign and hostile territory, both doomed to death in their infancy by their maternal grandfathers, in consequence of portentous dreams, both saved by the remorse of their murderers, after a similar education among herdsmen, as the sons of herdsmen: both revisiting their paternal kingdoms, and both succeeding in delivering them from the tyrants who invaded them. Were the intercourse with Persia more frequent than it is, there can be no doubt that many other poetical fragments, not hitherto mentioned, or observed by travellers, would be brought to light.

### THE GRACES.

We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"  
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:  
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,  
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty dwell."

### LEISURE HOURS.

No III.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.—Madame D. and Madame G. had been friends for a considerable time (that is to say, they had known each other for ten months without having had a single tiff). One night they agreed to meet in the same box at the theatre.—How do you intend to dress, my dear?—Oh! in the most simple manner possible.—I shall not make any toilette.—Neither shall I.—Well! it is perfectly understood.—These ladies, however, went to the theatre, with a view to outshine each other; for they both dressed in the most brilliant manner. The one who attracted less notice, and had the smallest number of opera-glasses directed towards her, did not fail to accuse her rival of treachery; and since that fatal day there has been no possibility of reconciling them to each other—they are the bitterest enemies.

**THE MONTH OF APRIL.**—This month has been remarkable for its fatality to celebrated women.

Petrarch's Laura died on the 6th of April.  
Diana of Poitiers on the 26th.  
Queen Elizabeth of England, the 3d.  
Christina Queen of Sweden, the 19th.  
Gabrielle d'Estrées, the 9th.  
Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the 5th.  
Madame de Sevigné, the 14th.  
Madame de Maintenon, the 15th.  
Madame de Caylus, the 15th.  
Madame de Pompadour, the 15th.  
Judith Queen of France, the 19th.  
Jeanne de Navarre, the 2d.

When the Opera-house at Stockholm was on fire, the life of the king, who was present, was saved by the presence of mind of Madame Kayser, an actress. Already the machinery at the end of the stage was in flames, without the audience knowing of it, when Madame Kayser gradually approached the royal box without interrupting her singing or action. At first she made signs to the king, who did not understand her: she then, seizing a favourable moment, said to him in a low voice, "Leave the theatre, sire, it is on fire." The king instantly quitted the house; when, after giving him time to escape the crowd, she vociferated *fire!* and gaining her box threw herself out of a window, which not being very high from the ground, she escaped without injury.

**ROYAL COOKERY.**—The Countess de Herida, wife of the king of Naples, invited last month some persons of the court to eat macaroni, made with her own hands. When the macaroni was served up, the king thought it detestable, and said he felt ashamed of treating his guests to such wretched soup. So saying, his majesty stripped himself of his coat, sent for some paste, kneaded it up, made macaroni with his august hands, and sent it to the kitchen to be cooked; and all this in presence of his company, boasting at the same time, that he knew how to make an Italian dish far better than the Countess! What a king for Dr. Kitchener!

**ANNE BULLEN.**—In *Houssaié's Memoirs*, a little circumstance is recorded concerning the decapitation of the unfortunate Anne Bullen, which illustrates an observation of Hume. Our historian notices that her executioner was a Frenchman of Calais, who was supposed to be uncommonly skilful; it is probable that the following incident may have been proved by tradition in France, from the account of the executioner himself. Anne Bullen being on the scaffold would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying, that she had no fear of

death. All that the minister, who assisted at her execution, could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes. But, as she was opening them every moment, the executioner was fearful of missing his aim, and was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen. He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right hand, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this means to strike the fatal blow, without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eye of the lovely but unfortunate victim.

The female Boyards have always a chaplet of pearls, coral, lapis lazuli, or agate in their hands, which they make use of with as much grace as our ladies do of their fans. They constantly twine the beads of these chaplets in their fingers, and are said to have invented a kind of alphabet on them, by means of which they communicate their secrets to their lovers and confidants.

**NO RUM IN THE VAULT.**—Some years ago, the lady of an English baronet, who was strongly suspected of being fond of genuine Jamaica, departed this life, and orders were sent to the sexton to have the family vault opened to receive the body. He did so, but finding it full, he wrote back for answer, that he was sorry her ladyship could not be buried there, as there was no *rum* in the vault.

---

## MISCELLANEOUS.

---

### CLOAKS AND GREAT-COATS.

BLESSINGS on the revival of that ancient, useful, and elegant article of dress, a cloak! Our forefathers, in their native nudity, fashioned their rude covering into cloaks: and kings, priests, statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, and lovers, have, in all ages, acknowledged their supremacy. Amidst the stormy vicissitude of events since the flood, and even perhaps since the creation of the world to the year 1825, the only surviving relic of humanity is a cloak. It is the unsophisticated beau ideal of dress. To him who can make a proper compromise between business and its impediments, not caring for an additional pound-weight in his clothes, I recommend to make trial of this comfortable incumbrance. Perhaps he may dislike the attractive glare of its red lining,—nor indeed do I think it in good taste; but let him please his own fancy in this particular, and sally forth some raw, wet, and frosty morning, cased in one of these impenetrable wrappers, and I

am certain he will find due fault with my poverty of encomium. 'Talk of trifles,' says he, as he lounges along,—'let people wear a cloak before they pretend to question the weight and solidity of the subject.' 'Very cold, sir,' says a passing acquaintance. 'So I have been informed,' he replies, and then stops at a print-shop window to indulge in a pinch of snuff. Invulnerable both by frost and rain, he despises the pretended protection of an umbrella, and, like the great Achilles, conscious of super-human endowment, braves the furious assaillance with a proud contempt. Nor is this the only protection which a cloak affords: it creates a very salutary confusion of identity, sometimes extremely desirable. The facility and grace with which you may transfer it to the person of some fair acquaintance, has its merit not often unproductive of reward.—Indeed, I know a singular instance of this—but I must not unfold such cloaked secrets.

The most spirited piece of gallantry connected with my subject, is related of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, attending Queen Elizabeth one day on a walk, and coming to a plashy strip of ground, which arrested her majesty's progress, no sooner perceived the dilemma, then he took from off him a splendid velvet cloak, and, throwing it across the mud and dirt, made such a passage for her to go over as her royal womanhood never forgot. How could such a fine thing as this ever have been achieved with a great coat? Imagine it spread in the mud, its long arms blown about, and buffeting the air; then think of the two skirts flying up to an indecent height, striving which shall most expertly entangle the feet, and lay her majesty prostrate in the mud. Had Sir Walter Raleigh made such an unsuccessful attempt, he would have almost deserved to lose his head for the vulgarity and clumsiness of the idea.

I have been roused to this scribbling by some prejudiced remarks which a friend of mine made, the other morning, at my breakfast-table. He asserted that cloaks have a vulgar appearance, and cast on the wearer a similar identity, although he well remembers having been heartily laughed at, when riding one evening on horse-back at full gallop, through a country town, dressed in a white great coat, to the amazement of the rabble, who mistook him for the baker: so much for vulgar identity. Besides such remarkable peculiarities, a great coat is too close and swaddling to give as much freedom or warmth as a cloak: we feel that we have two coats on, and are made restless by the restraint. Then the skirts are continually turning round our knees, and, when they happen to get very wet, are excellently adapted to inflict us with a cold. So much for great coats! *A cloak's the thing.*

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 3. Vol. III. of *New Series* of the *MISNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Daniel O'Rourke. Fond Memorials.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Modern Greeks.* No. III.

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Dr. Leyden.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notice of Eminent Authors.*

THE GRACES.—*Costume of the Women of Ireland. The Russian Princess.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Old Furniture.*

POETRY.—Original; and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Captain Symmes, who is now lecturing at Cincinnati on his favourite system of exploring the interior of the earth, has been invited by Count Romanoff, of Russia, to join a North Pole expedition.

The manufacture of potato starch is becoming pretty general in this country. Dr. Perry of Exeter lately exhibited a fine specimen, and it was his intention to work up 4000 bushels this year.

The use of steam in the manufacture of bricks had caused a saving on that article of 60 per cent. Only 48 hours are now required to prepare them for the kiln, which formerly occupied two months.

Mr. Conway had given such universal satisfaction at New Orleans, that the manager of the theatre had renewed his engagement.

A child named Master Burke, only 5 years of age, is spoken of in the London papers as a great theatrical phenomenon. Madam Catalini was about to leave the British public. Matthews was bringing out a new entertainment to be called the "*Memorandum Book.*"

### MARRIED,

Mr. E. Jones to Miss Rachel Rotan.

Mr. S. Brown to Caroline L. Weeks.

Mr. T. Gardener to Miss Sarah D. Duryee.

### DIED,

John V. Waldron, aged 37 years.

Mr. Dirk A. Brinckerhoff, aged 24 years.

Mrs. Abby M. Lounsberry, aged 24 years.

Mrs. Mary Spies, aged 54 years.

Mr. John Gilbert,

Mr. J. Poole, aged 38 years.

Mrs. E. Tallmadge, aged 46 years.

Mrs. M. Bryson, aged 40 years.

Mrs. E. Deas, aged 57 years.

Mrs. E. Stephen, aged 66 years.

## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

### NOTICE.

The Junior Editor acknowledges the receipt of a long poem, and a very pressing letter from an unknown correspondent. He has not complied with the request, because he has been confined to his bed by sickness for the last five weeks. When he recovers, he will attend to the subject of the letter.

J. G. B.

Our Baltimore friend must permit us to pay the postage of his communications. Though it is a matter of little moment, yet as we acknowledge ourselves the party obliged, we do not think it right to tax his purse even in trifles; his *muse* we should be glad to tax regularly.

For the Minerva.

### LOVE.

LET stoics frown, with cold disdain,  
On love's heart-soothing blisses;  
There's nought relieves this life of pain,  
Like *Doctor Cupid's kisses*:  
The aching head, by love is pressed,  
And pillow'd on affection's breast;  
The feverish cheek—the heart of care,  
Forgets to burn—to sorrow there.

O! I could brave the storms of fate,  
The tempest's howl, and even,  
The scorns and curses, frowns and hate,  
Of all the world, if Heaven  
Would grant one faithful hand to press  
My aching head with tenderness;  
Would grant me, from its stores above  
One *flask* of pure and virtuous love.

I'd meet the blast—the nectar sip;  
Brave fortune's frown—beguile  
Its shivering with another tip;  
In sorrow sip and smile.  
On mountains northern side he dwells,  
In shades nocturnal, gloomy dells,  
Who never, like the cooing dove,  
Receives, nor gives, the *kiss of love*.

Baltimore. PYTHIAS.

For the Minerva.

### THE BROKEN HEART.

Thou'st seen the sapling, when some reptile tooth,  
In venom steep'd had pierc'd its tender heart?  
Silent and sad, it weeps away its youth,  
Conceals the wound, and nourishes the smart;  
Till, leaf by leaf, its verdant mantle fades;  
Its trunk, soon pining, sinks into decay:  
When through the whole a sallow hue pervades,  
The axe then lops the fruitless tree away.

It is a picture of that secret wo,  
That lies concealed within the troubled breast;  
Hugg'd to the bosom, though a dreary foe,  
Nurtured and fondled, though a traitor guest;

Though crime, nor fault, nor midnight hidden deeds,  
Forbid the secret of his wo t'impart,  
It never may be told—there throbs and bleeds,  
Within that breast, indeed, a *broken heart*.

The sun each morn, to all the world beside  
Ushers in joys, to them for ever new;  
Strides o'er meridian, and at eventide  
Sends forth its Zephyrs with a calm adieu:  
To him its orient, nor its western beams,  
E'er bring a joy nor take a wo away;  
Sorrow's grim spectre visits all his dreams,  
And real sorrow each returning day.  
Baltimore.

PYTHIAS.

### MUSIC.

Nay, tell me not of lordly halls!  
My minstrels are the trees,  
The moss and the rock are my tapestried walls,  
Earth's sounds my symphonies.

There's music sweeter to my soul  
In the weed by the wild wind fanned—  
In the heave of the surge, than ever stole  
From mortal minstrel's hand.

There's mighty music in the roar  
Of the oaks on the mountain's side,  
When the whirlwind bursts on their foreheads hoar,  
And the lightnings flash blue and wide.

There's mighty music in the swell  
Of winter's midnight wave—  
When all above is the thunder peal,  
And all below is the grave.

There's music in the city's hum,  
Heard in the noontide glare,  
When its thousand mingling voices come  
On the breast of the sultry air

There's music in the mournful swing  
Of the lonely village bell,  
And I think of the spirit upon the wing  
Releas'd by its solemn knell.

There's music in the forest-stream,  
As it plays through the deep ravine,  
Where never summer's breath or beam  
Has pierced its woodland screen.

There's music in the thundering sweep  
Of the mountain waterfall,  
As its torrents struggle, and foam and leap  
From the brow of its marble wall.

There's music in the dawning morn,  
Ere the lark his pinion dries—  
'Tis the rush of the breeze through the dewy corn—  
Through the garden's perfumed dyes.

There's music on the twilight cloud,  
As the clanging wild swans spring,  
As homewards the screaming ravens crowd,  
Like squadrons upon the wing.

There's music in the depth of night,  
When the world is still and dim,  
And the stars flame out in their pomp of light,  
Like thrones of the Cherubim!

### THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

Rest, pilgrim, rest! thou'rt from the Syrian land,  
Thou'rt from the wild and wondrous East, I know  
By the long-wither'd palm-branch in thy hand,  
And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.

Alas! the bright, the beautiful, who part,  
So full of hope, for that far country's bourne!  
Alas! the weary and the sunk in heart,  
And dimm'd in aspect, who like thee return?

Thou'rt faint—stay, rest thee from thy toils at last;  
Through the high chesnut lightly plays the breeze,  
The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is past,  
The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.  
Thou'rt faint and worn—hear'st thou the fountain welling  
Midst the gray pillars of yon ruin'd shrine?  
Seest thou the dewy grapes before the swelling?  
—He that hath left me, train'd that lowly vine!

He was a child when thus the bower he wove,  
(Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)  
That I might sit and hear the sound I love  
Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper chime.  
And sit *thou* there!—for he was gentle ever:  
With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,  
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parch'd lip's fever  
—There, in his place, Thou'rt resting—Where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,  
But once again! how oft it wanders by,  
In the still hours, like some remember'd strain,  
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!  
Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! Hast thou seen  
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,  
A youth—my Guido—with the fiery mien  
And the dark eye of the Italian shore?

The dark, clear, lightning eye!—on heaven and earth  
It smiled, as if man were not dust—it smiled?  
The very air seem'd kindling with his mirth,  
And I—my heart grew young before my child!  
My blessed child! I had but him—yet he  
Filled all my home ev'n with o'erflowing joy,  
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free—  
—Where is he now?—my pride, my flower, my boy?

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,  
Like a spring dew-drop—then his forehead wore  
A prouder look—his eye a keener light—  
I knew these woods might be his world no more!  
He loved me—but he left me! Thus they go,  
Whom we have rear'd, watch'd, bless'd too much adored!  
He heard the trumpet of the Red Cross blow,  
And bounded from me with his father's sword!

Thou weep'st—I tremble—Thou hast seen the slain  
Pressing a bloody turf—the young and fair,  
With their pale beauty, strewing, o'er the plain  
Where hosts have met—speak! answer! was *he* there?  
Oh! hath his smile departed? Could the grave  
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?  
—No! I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—  
That look gives hope—I knew it could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer? Some fond mother's  
glance  
O'er thee, too, brooded in thine early years—  
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye perchance,  
Bathed all thy faded hair in parting tears?  
Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—What art thou?  
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?  
Look up!—Oh! is it—that wan cheek and brow!  
—Is it—alas! yet joy?—my son! my son!

#### BLIGHTED HOPE.

'Tis come to this—'tis come to this!  
Even in my life's young morn,  
My first, my sweetest rose of bliss,  
Is withered to a thorn.

And darker is my own despair  
Because it yesterday was fair!

How sweetly could the floweret bless  
A life of strife and storm,  
Till the chill wind of fickleness  
Came blighting o'er its form;  
And then it droop'd—it wither'd—died!  
And life has no such flower beside.

But words are vain!—the thoughts that rise  
Are known but to the soul;  
Yet passion breathes itself in sighs  
In spite of my control;  
The tale those sighs had wished to tell  
Now ends in one last sad—farewell!

#### STRAPPING.

The ladies, God bless 'em, go tighter than ever,  
They're waisted away, and all strapp'd up so clever,  
While around their fine flounces so gaily are flapping,  
That they must not much wonder, if husbands so surly,  
When wishing to please their *dear* wives, late or early,  
Should give, what they seem so to love, a *good strapping*

#### ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answer to PUZZLE in our last.*

Drawer.

#### SOLUTION OF ANAGRAMS.

- I. Sovereignty.
- II. Outrageously.
- III. Breath.

#### NEW PUZZLE.

I.

Four things there are, all of a height,  
One of them crook'd the rest upright.  
Take three away, and you will find  
Exactly ten remain behind.  
But if you cut the four in twain,  
You'll find one half doth eight retain.

II.

In places where mirth and good humour abound,  
Who so welcome as I, or so commonly found?  
If I get among gamblers, I never am winner;  
Eat nothing, yet who can afford better dinner.  
At church of my privilege ne'er bate an ace;  
Not e'en to churchwarden or parson give place.  
In verse or in prose, there are few who indite,  
But to me they apply e'er they venture to write.  
In council I'm present, nor absent at sea, [me.  
Nymphs who're courted by all, come and pay court to  
Then seek out my title, each spirited lover,  
Who dares such a favourite rival discover.  
If I move not on four, as I usually do,  
You may find me on one leg, but never on two

#### EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,  
And published every Saturday  
BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,  
128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No  
subscription can be received for less than a year,  
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to  
the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.